

paraiso

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paraiso

Isle

"We're closing in on the coordinates. Keep your eyes open and be ready for anything," announced Wonder Woman as she and Superman flew over the vast blue sea at high speeds.

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be, but it sure would help if I knew what I was looking for," said Superman, already gazing out miles ahead with his super vision.

"If I knew, I would tell you. But this involves magic and possible Olympian activity. The only way we're going to find out is by confronting it."

"In other words, we have to do it the hard way," Superman concluded.

"I'm afraid there is no other way," sighed Wonder Woman, "Which is why I want to deal with this quickly so we can get to that date I promised you."

"Guess that just gives us more incentive than usual."

Wonder Woman smiled at her lover's remarks and he smiled back. He usually wasn't this eager to get involved in a conflict involving magic or the Olympians. Superman's vulnerability to magic meant usually deferred these matters to the Zatannas and Dr. Fates of the world. And after Apollo made such a lousy impression during the General Zod ordeal, nobody would blame him for keeping his distance. But when she asked him for his help, he didn't hesitate. He was always willing to go out of his way for her. That was one of the many things that made him such a great lover.

It still would've been nice to know what she had gotten him into. A couple hours ago, Wonder Woman got a call from Zatanna. She said that she had picked up on some strange mystical disruptions in the Mediterranean Sea not far from Themyscira. She claimed it wasn't dire, but its proximity to Themyscira got her attention. Since she and Superman happened to be on guard duty in the Watchtower, they decided to investigate.

As she and Superman flew over the waters of the Aegean Sea, Wonder Woman contemplated what could cause such a disruption. Olympus and Themyscira had more than their share of conflicts lately. The ordeal with Zeke, Zola, Hera, and the First Born caused plenty of upheavals. Many were still adjusting to the aftermath of those upheavals and the gods weren't above exploiting the chaos. She held out some hope that it wouldn't be that bad because she owed Superman a date.

It had been too long since they had any quality time together. Between upheavals on Olympus and the Doomsday crisis, Superman and Wonder Woman had few chances to just be Clark and Diana. That led Diana to promise him a night to themselves as soon as Flash and Green Lantern took over watchtower duty. She had every intention of keeping that promise once they dealt with this.

"See anything yet?" asked Superman as they slowed down.

"No, but I definitely feel something," said Wonder Woman. "We're pretty close to Themyscira. If there's anything amiss near my home, then I'm going to feel it."

"Well you know your home better than I do. That might be a better guide than my super-vision at this point because I'm looking around at every possible wavelength and I can't see a€|"

But before Superman could complete his thought, a strange anomaly caught their attention. A strange sliver of light shot up from the seas below, followed by the sound of thunder. It caused him and Wonder Woman to stop in mid-air over what should've been calm, undisturbed waters. Remaining on their guard, Superman and Wonder Woman watched cautiously as the anomaly escalated.

"Now I know how Barry feels when he gets ahead of himself," commented Superman.

"Thatâ€|doesn't look promising," said Wonder Woman.

"I don't know much about magic so I'm not sure my vision will tell us much."

"It also looksâ€|familiar," she said in a more distant tone.

"Is that a good or bad thing?"

"I can't say. Whatever this is, it's definitely a product of the gods. It reminds me of the mystical shroud that surrounds Themyscira."

"Then maybe it's a good idea to call the rest of the Justice League. Any anomaly involving the Olympians could get messy," suggested Superman.

"I don't disagree, but I don't think it's that kind of anomaly. I wonderâ€¦"

Wonder Woman began forming theories as she watched the sliver of light grow, eventually forming a crack in the fabric of space. Her curiosity grew and she flew towards it. Superman, ever cautious in anything related to magic, flew with her. He didn't have a good feeling about this, but he trusted her instincts on these matters since they had proven fruitful in the past.

They eventually descended from the clouds so that they hovered only a couple hundred feet from the surface of the water. The sliver of light stopped growing, but continued flickering erratically like a light bulb about to burn out. Wonder Woman continued gazing at it intently. Something about it seemed very familiar. She just couldn't quite put her finger on it.

"It's not a black hole. It's not boiling away the sea. It doesn't look like it's about to explode either," said Superman, doing his own assessment. "In fact, the light actually feels kind ofâ€¦nice."

"I noticed that too," said Wonder Woman, trying to make more connections.

"It's kind of like the rays of the sun that give me my powers, butâ€¦different," he said, unable to come up with a better word. "What could it mean?"

Wonder Woman had a few ideas, but she never got a chance to complete them. As she and Superman bathed in the mysterious light of this anomaly, it erupted in a burst of activity. The brightly sliver of light expanded, releasing a wave of energy that engulfed her and Superman.

They then found themselves surrounded in a blinding bright light. In an instant, a wave of force swept them away like powerful gust of wind that even they couldn't resist. Instincts took over and Superman and Wonder Woman reached out to one another to avoid being ripped apart.

"Diana!" Superman shouted.

"Kal!" Wonder Woman cried out.

But it was no use. With their hands mere inches apart, Superman and Wonder Woman disappeared into the light. The glowing anomaly then disappeared as well, leaving nothing but a brief flash and a slight gust of wind in its wake.

* * *

><p>Unknown Location<p>

"Hnnâ€¦Clark?" groaned a dazed and disoriented Diana.

The Amazon warrior emerged from unconsciousness feeling like she had just gone one too many rounds with Giganta. As the feeling returned to her limbs and she opened her eyes, she realized she was on a sandy beach. Diana could also still feel the afternoon sun beating down on her so it didn't appear as though much time had passed. But as she

rubbed her eyes and rose up, she noticed something else.

"I'mâ€|naked?" she said in confusion.

Once her vision fully cleared, Diana confirmed it. Her boots, bracelets, lasso, tiara, and attire were gone. She was completely nude. Even though she often slept naked and was never embarrassed about her body, this situation left her feeling uncomfortably exposed.

"Where am I? And what happened to my clothes?" said Diana.

"I was wondering the same thing," came a familiar voice.

Diana turned to her right, this feeling of exposure leading her to take a defensive stance. But her warrior instincts settled as soon as she saw Clark walking towards her. She also saw that Clark was in a similar predicament. He was completely naked too. His special Kryptonian Armor, which was supposed to be built right into his chest, was gone. And he looked every bit as confused as her.

When Clark finally reached her, he maintained some level of modesty. He tried to keep his distance and avoid staring at some of her womanly features. That was next to impossible, given Diana's divine beauty. But, ever the mannerly farm boy, he attempted to confront this situation as seriously as possible. However, this ended up being just as difficult for Diana.

"Oh uhâ€|Clark," said Diana, having to control her gaze as well. "I see we're both a little exposed."

"That's one way of putting it," he said sheepishly. "Any idea what just happened?"

"Well I had my suspicions. Now I'm not so sure."

"And now I'm not quite as inclined to call the rest of the League. Just because we're teammates doesn't mean we need to be seeing each other naked."

"Agreed," said Diana. "I shudder to think about the comments Hal would make. But if we're going to deal with this, we can start by making this less awkward. I meanâ€|it's not like we haven't seen each other naked before."

"I know. But stillâ€|"

Clark let his words trail off. He and Diana remained somewhat reluctant to let their eyes wander around each other's bodies. While they had been intimate a number of times since they started dating, it never happened in a situation like this. He and Diana were very private when it came to these moments, usually reserving them for their respective apartments or the Fortress of Solitude. Neither of them were sure of what to make of this place, but they needed to figure it out soon before they became even more exposed.

Once the awkwardness of being naked subsided, Diana and Clark took in their new surroundings. The beach they awoke on was part of an island and a very remote one from the looks of it. They couldn't see any

other inhabitants, aside from a few animals. They also noticed that the island was fairly small. It couldn't have been more than a few dozen square miles in area. However, it still had plenty of space to accommodate some lush flora. It was so lush that had it not been for the strange circumstances of their visit, they would've readily labeled it an island paradise.

But there was something very different about this paradise, if that's what it actually was. The strange feeling that Clark and Diana sensed when they first confronted the anomaly over the sea was still there. Now, it took on a different form. It was like the whole island was shrouded in some invisible blanket, bathing it in this exotic energy. As they continued scanning the shores, Clark and Diana noticed something else.

"I can't fly," said Clark.

"Yes. I just noticed that too," said Diana.

"I can still feel my strength though," he said, making a fist to reaffirm this ability.

"So do I. That means we can fight if we have to. But I get the feeling that won't be necessary."

"I get that feeling too. I'm not sure where though. What kind of power prevents us from flying and takes our clothes, yet makes us feel completely unthreatened?"

"I have no idea. It could be magic. It could be some kind of trick or illusion. Or it could be something else entirely."

"Then maybe a better question would be what do we do about it?"

There were so many strange questions that had any number of equally strange answers. Diana and Clark had dealt with magic, aliens, and gods. However, they had never dealt with anything like this. It left them uncertain of what to do next. This couldn't just be some random anomaly. There had to be something " or possibly even someone " else at work here.

After surveying the shore, Clark and Diana looked towards the interior of the island. They couldn't see much through the lush flora, but they weren't getting any answers just standing here on the beach. Perhaps exploring this island will give them some clues. But upon taking a few steps away from the shoreline, they encountered another strange anomaly.

'Come. Follow my voice.'

Clark and Diana froze where they stood and exchanged glances.

"Did you just hear that?" asked Diana suspiciously.

"I heard it, but not like I usually hear things. I think it's telepathic."

"I think it might be more than that," she said, already looking in the direction it came from.

They remained vigilant. Their past experience with telepaths had been mixed at least. Everyone on the Justice League made it a point to guard their minds, some more than others. But this sounded different.

'Come. I can lead you to the answers you seek.'

This time it was less jarring. It didn't come off as threatening or hostile. In fact, it actually sounded enticing.

"You think we should follow it?" asked Clark.

"I think we could use some answers," Diana replied.

"I want to say it could be a trap, but for some reason, I don't get that impression."

"Me neither and this is usually the point where my Amazon instincts kick in. I wonder if that's a sign."

"Guess there's only one way to find out," sighed Clark.

"So it would seem," said Diana, reaching the same conclusion. "We should still stay close."

"Being naked on a tropical island, that might be the easiest part," he said with a humored grin.

Setting aside any lingering awkwardness, Clark and Diana followed the direction of the voice into the heart of the island. It ended up leading them onto a dirt path that allowed them to traverse the thick tree cover. It didn't appear to be some animal trail or natural formation either. It was as if someone had actually carved this path for them ahead of time.

'This way. That which you seek lies just aheadâ€¦and so much more.'

The voice now sounded clearer and even more enticing, but Clark and Diana still walked cautiously. They also stayed close, avoiding as best they could the impulse to glance at each other's naked bodies. They needed to stay focused. They needed to figure out where they were and how they got there. But with each step they took, they encountered more anomalies.

As they followed the path, they noticed that the brush under the trees was full of exotic flowers and plants. Rows upon rows of flowering plants lined each side of the trail. And the tree branches above were lined with various vines and willows, making for a very scenic walk. Clark and Diana couldn't help but admire some of them. The gentle breezes from the sea carried the pleasant odor, creating a potent mix of scents. In addition to the flowers, they saw a few exotic birds and animals flying around, creating a symphony of various chirps and cries. It was like walking through an exotic garden that had been prepared for the sole purpose of creating a relaxing environment.

Even though they were supposed to remain focused, Clark and Diana found themselves slowing down to take in the scenery. It was a

majestic, peaceful, and even sensual environment.

"These flowers are beautiful," said Diana as she admired a batch of red roses. "I've never seen such rich plant life."

"Me neither and I grew up on a farm," said Clark as he watched some butterflies hover over some tulips.

"If this is a trap, it's not a very good one," she commented.

"Whatever it is, it's definitely not natural. Nature doesn't make nice, smooth trails through such beautiful wildlife."

"Then that would mean someone made it with a purpose. But what purpose could it be?" Diana wondered.

"That's another question we'll have to answer. Between the air and the scenery, this whole island is starting to give off a veryâ€|distinct feeling."

Whether by desire or instinct, Clark reached for Diana's hand and lightly grasped it. She accepted the gesture, following the same feeling. It was a simple gesture, but one that seemed to amplify the beauty of their surroundings. A warm gust of wind blew through the path, ruffling the plants and stirring up more scents. And as it flowed over their naked bodies, it had another distinct effect.

For a brief moment, it was as though someone surrounded them in a warm blanket. It felt so soothing, like soft hands gently grazing over their exposed skin. Even on their durable bodies, they could feel its pleasant effect. Clark and Diana had to stop in the middle of the path, if only to absorb it fully. They continued holding hands, looking around and smiling at this feeling. They then eventually looked towards each other, no longer caring about their respective nudity.

"I feel it too. It feelsâ€|nice," said Diana.

"Could that be its purpose?" said Clark in a more distant tone.

"It might be part of it, but I get the sense there's something more."

They continued to linger for a moment. These feelings evoked Clark and Diana the kinds of emotions they usually reserved for their private time. This was supposed to be a mission, not a romantic getaway. But between being naked and their beautiful surroundings, it was hard to ignore these powerful feelings. At one point, their faces started drifting towards one another. Whatever forces were present on this island, it was pushing them together with the most basic of passions.

'Don't stop. You're almost there,' said the voice.

This helped jar Clark and Diana from their daze. They caught their breath and reorienting themselves, still smiling sheepishly. They were usually pretty good about controlling themselves around one another, even in intimate settings. But something about this island was testing them in unexpected ways.

"We shouldâ€¦probably keep going," said Clark, stammering somewhat.

"Yes. We should," said Diana.

After regaining their composure, they started walking again. However, the feeling still lingered. The temptation was still there. They continued holding hands, if only to express that feeling to some extent. Now they moved with more urgency. Whatever this island was doing to them, they needed to uncover who or what was behind it.

They walked for a good twenty minutes or so, making through way through more exotic flowers and trees. Eventually, they reached the end of the trail, which led to a large clearing in what appeared to be the center of the island. As Clark and Diana emerged from the trees, they were greeted with another exotic sight.

"I see something up ahead. It looks like some sort of temple," said Clark as he used his telescopic vision to survey the surrounding area.

"It is a temple â€" a Greek temple to be precise," said Diana, "And it's in pristine condition."

The two lovers cautiously approached the base of the structure and confirmed Diana's suspicions. It was indeed a temple and one of distinct Greco-Roman design. It stood a few stories tall, was supported by rows of decorated columns, and had a nicely polished marble path surrounding it. There was also an extensive array of frescoes on the outer walls, giving it a unique sense of grandeur. And while there didn't appear to be anyone inside or outside the structure, the facility had been beautifully maintained.

It was another sign of a larger purpose behind this island. A temple on a remote island with no inhabitants couldn't look this pristine by accident. Clark and Diana still had their suspicions, but nothing about it seemed hostile.

"I don't sense anybody inside, but there's definitely something here. There has to be for it to look this polished," said Clark.

"It might help if we knew the purpose of this temple," said Diana as she surveyed the structure. "Look at the frescoes on the walls. I think I recognize some of the imagery."

Clark followed Diana in closer to the temple so she could look over the frescoes. As she did, he scanned around the perimeter of the wall just to make sure there was nobody else around. Near as he could tell, they were still completely alone on this island. But being close to this temple only added to this feeling that there was something more to this site.

Diana assessed the artwork on the walls at first, which contained familiar images of various Olympian gods. It was nothing she hadn't seen on other temples back in Themyscira. She followed the frescoes and engravings to other parts near the door. Some of them were just homages to certain gods. Others appeared to tell a story. Following the story led her to a distinct inscription over the entrance to the

temple.

"That symbol â€" I recognize it. I know exactly where we are!" said Diana. "This is the Isle of Eros and it exists solely to house this temple."

"What kind of temple needs its own island?" asked Clark.

"A very special kind â€" one that the gods themselves had a hand in creating," she replied.

Diana walked up to the decorated walls near the front entrance and ran her hand over the elaborate artwork. Clark followed her, trusting her expertise in all things Greek. And the story told on these frescoes was one very few knew about.

"This temple marks a lesser known chapter in the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, one of the greatest love stories ever told," said Diana as she followed the imagery.

"I've heard of that story. It didn't have a happy ending if I recall," said Clark.

"This chapter takes place long before that story became a tragedy," she explained. "Orpheus loved Eurydice deeply, but she was a wood nymph and he was worried that he would not be able to satisfy her. So shortly after their wedding, he prayed to the goddess, Aphrodite. Sensing the depths of their love and his desire to express it fully, she answered his prayers. Taking the form of a dove, she guided the two newlyweds to a ship and led them to this island. Here, she enlisted the aid of other nymphs to construct this temple and surround it in a beautiful garden."

"Guess that would explain why the walk here was so pleasant," said Clark.

"It goes onto say that as soon as the two lovers stepped off the boat, they shed their clothes and made their way through the same path we just walked. Then, when they reached this temple, Orpheus carried his new bride inside."

Diana followed the imagery on the fresco a little farther, but the depictions became less detailed. She had to stop just a few feet from the entrance where the fresco turned into an elaborate display of flowers and figures surrounding the door. This was where the nature of the gods became frustratingly obscure.

"What happened after that?" asked Clark, his curiosity growing.

"I'm not sure. The fresco gets a little vague from here," said Diana. "It goes onto say that from the moment the sun hung at its highest in the sky until it rose again the next morning, Orpheus and Eurydice celebrated their love within this temple. Under Aphrodite's guidance, their passion was so great that it stirred the souls of the Underworld."

"Sounds like a very memorable honeymoon."

"It was â€" so much so that the echoes of their passion turned this island into a monument of love. It was like tapping a well of pure

passion. The very winds that blow through it are said to rouse the hearts of any who set foot on it."

"And now we're on it," said Clark.

"Yes. And I also think we've already felt its influence to some extent."

Their experiences on this island began making sense. Upon reaching the end of the fresco, Diana turned back towards her lover. For a moment, she and Clark stood in silence. Another warm wind blew through the clearing and just like before, it evoked the same powerful feelings from earlier. Only this time, they carried a much clearer meaning.

They started drifting towards one another again. The warm sensations of the wind over their naked bodies stirred new desires. Clark and Diana's hearts raced once more as these desires evoked in them powerful emotions. They were not unlike the emotions they felt that fateful night under the moon in Washington DC where they first came together and kissed. But this time, they wanted to do more than just kiss. As their lips soon grew close, the desire to embrace one another and express these becoming insatiable.

'Wait. Not yet. Just a little bit farther.'

That same alluring voice jolted Clark and Diana from their daze once more. This time, they were less inclined to listen to it. Their hearts and bodies urged them on, but the influence of the voice remained strong.

'Pleaseâ€¦come inside. I promise it'll be worth the wait.'

They had no reason to trust this voice. They still had no idea who it even belonged to. But it had already enticed them to the point where they didn't care anymore.

Clark and Diana kept gazing at one another, their faces mere inches apart. They were still breathing hard, the overwhelming emotions rendering them silent. But they didn't need words to decide their next move. This voice needed them for something. And the longer they stood around seeking answers, the longer they were making themselves wait.

"Should weâ€¦" said Clark, allowing his words to trail off.

"We should," said Diana, not even needing to hear the rest.

Ignoring any lingering reservations, they entered the temple. The temple itself seemed to sense their decision. The heavy chamber doors opened automatically, allowing them to step inside. Upon entering, Clark and Diana were greeted with the kind of ambience unbefitting of a temple.

The whole interior was nice and spacious. Like the exterior, all the walls were highly polished and adorned with frescoes. The floors were marble, but much of it was covered by a plush red carpet made from the softest animal furs. This decorative style adorned a short hall that led into a central open area that sat under a large, perfectly shaped dome. Like the walls, this dome was covered in artwork. It

contained a large chandelier of torches. And as soon as Clark and Diana stepped into this open area, they lit up on their own to illuminate the rest of the interior.

What they saw in this new light both astonished and intrigued them. There weren't many windows. Much of the interior was concealed, creating a very private and intimate domain. Directly under the center of the dome was a fountain with a statue of Aphrodite in the center. This fountain expelled crystal clear water that flowed into a large, rectangular pool behind it. The steam rising from this pool helped create a hot, steamy, and sensual environment. It gave the room an ambience more befitting of a bath house rather than a temple.

"Wow. If this temple were a hotel, it would definitely get five stars," commented Clark. "Whoever built it spared no expense."

"I'm not even sure it deserves to be called a temple," said Diana as she looked around in awe. "This feels so much more intimate."

"Among other things," he said a smile.

Diana smiled as well. This sense of luxury, along with the steamy environment and dim lighting, created a very specific mood. Clark and Diana certainly felt it as they approached the fountain. They were so enchanted by these amenities that they didn't notice the chamber doors closing behind them. The echoes of the voice beckoned them. All the cares and concerns they carried with them as Superman and Wonder Woman faded. In this temple, their only concern was following this powerful feeling together.

'Welcome to the Island of Eros. I intend to make your stay as pleasant as possible,' said the voice, now emanating from the statute in the fountain.

"Goddess Aphrodite is that you?" asked Diana as she and Clark turned their attention to the statue.

'It doesn't matter who I am, where I am, or why I led you here. All that matters is that you are Diana of Themyscira and Kal-El of Krypton are here together in this temple. I've been tracking the progress of your love for a while now. It is unique in many ways. You come from different worlds. You are distinct, yet similar dedicated, yet reserved. Yours is a love that is still blossoming, but a love that has become undeniably strong. I know this, but only you know the extent of that strength.'

Clark and Diana looked over towards one another for a brief moment. From their gaze, they recalled how their love began. On that fateful day they met in the middle of Darkseid's invasion, there was attraction. In the years that followed, that attraction turned into something more. They then came together and began exploring this love. In doing so, it became even stronger.

However, as strong as it was, their love was still growing. It wasn't too long ago when Clark first told Diana that he loved her. It was only recently, after the events involving Doomsday, that Diana said that she loved him back. These fateful moments convinced them that they were ready to move forward, but it remained unclear just how far

they had gone.

The ambience of the temple and the powerful feelings this island evoked left Clark and Diana feeling overwhelmed. They turned back towards the statue over the fountain to avoid getting lost in a daze again. The voice, whoever it belonged to, seemed to know more about this feeling than they did and they were determined to follow it.

"What do you want from us?" asked Clark.

'What I want is only secondary to what you need. Your love may be strong, but you remain reluctant to express it fully. You'll share a tender kiss, hold each other in a loving embrace, and make love in the most basic manner possible. But this is hardly a full expression of the passions you share. All too often, lovers will hold back all the other feelings that go along with it. This island was created with the purpose of channeling these feelings. I can tell you've already experienced them.'

"We have," affirmed Diana. "They'reâ€¦intense. I'm not entirely sure what to make of them."

"But they feel rightâ€¦like they've always been there," said Clark.

'That's only because you've never dared express them fully. You've never allowed other aspects of love to enter your hearts. Some of those feelings overwhelm others. Some are even taboo. But here, you can express them in all their glory. And I'm going to help you every step of the way.'

"And how exactly are do you going to do that?" asked Diana.

'I've already started. Brace yourselves because this is going to getâ€¦heated.'

Before Clark and Diana could feel even a trace of apprehension, the stature let up in a brilliant aura of red light. It illuminated the whole temple for a brief moment, sending a sharp gust through the halls that made the candles and torches flare briefly. The two lovers remained unafraid, but cautious. Then, two flares of reddish light shot out from the stature and engulfed them. The effect it had on them was as immediate as it was intense.

"Ooh!" they both gasped.

The two lovers both closed their eyes and stumbled back, barely keeping their balance. It felt like a firestorm has just erupted in their core. A powerful heat emerged within their bodies, like a powder keg being ignited by a spark. However, it wasn't the kind of heat that felt hot. This was the kind of heat that filled them with an intense arousal of a very sexual nature.

'Can you feel it? I know you can. Don't fight it. Let the burning desire consume you,' said the voice in a deep, seductive tone.

Clark and Diana barely heard the voice. The arousal was so intense that their legs became weak and every muscle in their bodies shifted under this new feeling.

Diana, her eyes still closed, began gasping for air as the hot feeling escalated throughout her lower body. The outer folds of her womanhood rapidly moistened, her inner and outer folds becoming fully engorged. She also felt the nipples on her breast become erect as her heart pounded within her chest. Basic instincts soon took over. She grasped one of her breasts with her left hand and reached between her legs with her right, feeling the growing heat around her pussy. Just touching her folds intensified her arousal, filling her with a desire that even a hardened Amazon couldn't resist.

Clark felt it too. Like Diana, he kept gasping for air while keeping his eyes closed. The heat quickly spread throughout his body, causing his penis to become fully erect at a rate impressive even for Superman. Every muscle in his body burned as though it had just been soaked in solar energy. His every thought became streamlined. His every desire became more focused. He found himself clenching his fists in an effort to steady his mind and his body. But it was no use. He couldn't escape this desire. At this point, he wasn't sure he even wanted to either.

The two lovers became increasingly dazed, letting out more moans and gasps that echoed through the temple. The red light surrounding the statue continued to glow, bathing Clark and Diana in more of this powerful energy. With each passing second, the desire grew stronger. They kept trying to overcome it, but that was no longer possible. This was the kind of desire that couldn't be suppressed. It could only be satiated.

"Hnnâ€|so hot," gasped Diana, giving her breasts a hard squeeze.

"It'sâ€|too intense," said Clark, with increasing desperation.

'Then it's working. All the feelings, emotions, and passions you seek to express are boiling to the surface. Holding back has created plenty of pent up desire. Now it's ready to erupt like a dormant volcano!'

The voice now sounded aroused as well, but it only partially resonated with Clark and Diana. They were so overwhelmed by these erupting feelings that they didn't know what to do with them. But here on the Isle of Eos, they could get the guidance they so desperately needed.

'Enough with this stalling!' said the voice in an authoritative tone. 'Open your eyes. Look at each other. Let your eyes reveal the key to feeding your desires.'

Clark and Diana did as the voice said. What they were doing on their own clearly wasn't working. So rather than fight these desires, they began following them. After regaining just enough composure to stand upright, the two lovers opened their eyes and turned to face one another. They remained dazed, but seeing each other's naked bodies helped re-focus their efforts.

There was no awkwardness or embarrassment. There was no subtlety either. Clark and Diana just gazed at each other, admiring their nude features in the most basic way possible. Burning desire became tempered with simple lust. Clark unclenched his fists while Diana let

her hands fall to her sides, ensuring he could see her in all her glory.

'Look at her faceâ€|her breastsâ€|her hipsâ€|her vagina,' the voice told Clark. 'You're willing to gaze at her with love in your eyes. Be just as willing to gaze at her with lust.'

Under the weight of this desire, Clark allowed himself to admire Diana with overt lust. His eyes raked up and down her body, focusing on her perfectly round breasts, erect nipples, and voluptuous hour-glass figure. He even allowed herself to admire the outer features of her womanhood, which she kept perfectly shaven. Her divine heritage definitely showed. Only a woman with a touch of divinity could've been this beautiful and this sexy. Admiring all her womanly features gave his desires form and substance, which helped further heighten his arousal. With his enhanced vision, he could tell Diana was very aroused as well.

'Look at him. Look at this wondrous specimen of a man,' the voice told Diana. 'He has a frame worthy of Atlas, an endowment worthy of a titan, and a face rivaling Adonis himself. You've such love in your heart, but your loins have plenty of lust as well. Don't be afraid to exercise both.'

Diana's mouth went dry as she admired her lover. She let herself scrutinize his many features in ways few Amazons would ever dare. She admired his broad arms and perfectly sculpted chest, his frame practically exploding with muscle. She also found herself admiring his fully erect penis. It was so big and powerful. The idea of taking that power inside her was enough to send a fresh round of heat through her lower body. It fueled a desire so basic and raw. It was a desire she needed to satisfy and she could tell Clark needed it too.

Driven by this growing need, the two lovers stepped towards one another. It was almost an unconscious act, their bodies overriding their dazed minds. Their legs felt so heavy, but few forces on this island or outside it could keep them apart. Once they were close enough to touch each other, it was so intense their hands actually trembled.

'Go on. Touch each other. Let your desires guide your hands,' said the voice, 'But do not kissâ€|not yet. Save some of that passion for later. You're going to need it.'

This voice, whoever it was, helped keep them focused. The more they listened to it, the more it enticed them. Still driven by the growing need, Clark and Diana followed it once more.

Clark made the first move, stepping in close enough for her to feel the warmth radiating from his manly form. He then caressed her face with one hand and grasped her breast with another. When he gave a firm squeeze as only Superman could deliver, Diana let out a slight gasp of contentment. She then returned the gesture by leaning into his arms, gently tracing her fingers down the sinews of his chest. Her tender touch evoked a deep, nearly inaudible moan as his manly form reacted favorably to her actions.

From here, the touching escalated. Clark kept rubbing and squeezing her breast while trailing his other hand down her face and torso,

tracing every womanly curve until he reached her hips. More content gasps followed. Diana became more fervent with her touching, feeling around his shoulders and arms while allowing her other hand to trail downward. Eventually, she reached his erect penis and gently grasped it in her hand. Clark's expression shifted slightly with more favorable responses. Such bold touching helped nourish their desires, but it did not sate them.

Despite the strong reactions from their touching, they did as the voice said and did not kiss. The inclination was there, but other less tender desires overshadowed this feeling.

'That's it. Rub her breasts. Touch his penis. Explore your bodies and celebrate their beauty,' said the voice. 'Let it arouse you. Let it stir your wildest passions.'

The scope of those passions continued to grow. Clark and Diana's breathing became more ragged. The look in their eyes was full of equal parts lust and love. Their intimate touching had now turned into full-blown foreplay. It was no longer about evoking desire. It was about expressing it.

This led to touching of a far more overt variety. Diana did more than just grasp her lover's penis. She stroked and fondled it while caressing his manly face. Clark's hand also grew bolder. Once on her butt, he gave it a firm squeeze to evoke another content gasp. Then, he skillfully slipped it between her legs and grazed his fingers along the outer folds of her vagina. As soon as he brushed over her clit, Diana let out a much louder gasp. The extent of her arousal and his was becoming too much to contain.

"Ooh Kal! Your touchingâ€¦" she gasped.

'You hear that? She's a little sensitive,' the voice said to Clark. 'Take advantage of it. Keep touching her vagina. Fondle her folds. Finger her depths. Bring her to orgasm.'

Clark took the advice without a moment's hesitation. Using his powerful hands, he rubbed her outer folds more thoroughly, giving special attention to her clit. This evoked more coherent gasps. Encouraged, he slipped two fingers into her vagina while keeping his thumb on her clit. And with the vigor that only Superman could offer, he pumped both fingers into her depths.

This intense stimulation sent Diana to the brink of orgasm in record time. It came so fast that she had to dig her nails into his shoulder and firmly grasp his dick just to keep her balance. Clark knew her anatomy very well. At first, she thought it was because his X-ray vision allowed him to identify her most sensitive points. But whatever knowledge he gained from his vision, he never put it to use like this before. By applying just the right amount of pressure and vigor, the Amazon warrior felt her body shudder under the force of an intense orgasm.

"Ohhh your handâ€¦making me cum! I'm going to cum!" she exclaimed.

It washed over her like a wave of warmth. The inner muscles of her vagina throbbed around her lover's fingers while her legs grew weak under the force of such intense sensations. It was so intense she had

to let go of her lover's manhood and hold onto his arms as the feeling coursed through her body. It wasn't the most powerful orgasm Diana had ever experienced, but it was by far the most intense she had ever experienced by a hand other than her own.

Seeing Diana experience such ecstasy made Clark smile. He supported her as she clung to him, watching the way her eyes closed and her face contorted to the sensations. She looked so beautiful when she achieved orgasm. He had seen her experience it before, but the influence of this feeling and the voice that guided them made such a sight all the more stunning. It made him want to give her more pleasure while adding to the growing desire to satisfy his own.

'Well done. You've made your woman climax. You are an honorable, dedicated man,' said the voice. 'Such honorable men deserve to be rewarded. And an honorable woman does not hesitate to do so.'

Diana felt the voice being directed at her now. She was still reeling from her orgasm, clinging to her lover's arms. As the feeling passed, she opened her eyes to see her smiling lover looking back at her. There was so much love and desire in his gaze. After experiencing such wondrous pleasure, she felt a powerful need to return the favor.

'Thank your lover for giving you such pleasure,' said the voice.

"Thank you for pleasuring me, Kal," said Diana, still catching her breath.

"You're very welcome," he replied, still as polite as any farm boy could be.

'Now tell him you're going to pleasure him as well. Tell him you're going to suck his dick until he achieves orgasm as well. Then, tell him to sit down and enjoy it.'

"Now it's my turn to pleasure you," she said to him. "I'm going to suck your dick until you cum. So have a seat, relax, and enjoy it."

Clark kept on smiling as he eagerly obliged. He let Diana guide him back towards the fountain where he sat down on the edge of the polished marble surface. He watched as Diana caressed his face with both hands before dropping to her knees and pushing his legs apart. She further tantalized him, looking up at him seductively as she trailed her hands down his chest again. He relaxed under her touch, allowing her full access to his arousal.

Once in position, she grasped his throbbing member with both hands and caressed it between her breasts. She began stroking his rigid length, turning his arousal into sharp sensations of bliss. Clark moaned favorably, but she could tell he wanted more.

'Enough with the teasing,' the voice told her. 'Start sucking him off. You've shown him plenty of love. Now show him a little lust.'

Diana followed these lustful whims, gripping the base of her lover's

penis and hungrily devouring it with her mouth. Clark's endowment was pretty impressive, which was to be expected of any man who called himself a Superman. His manhood was in perfect proportion to his stature, not to mention just as durable. It was a challenge even for her to take his full length, but she was determined to give to him the same oral pleasure he gave to her.

Armed with this determination, Diana suckled and slithered her lips and tongue up and down the length of her lover's cock. She was reckless in her lustful acts, abandoning any and all reservations that might have restrained her. As her head bobbed up and down his shaft, she squeezed the base with one hand while cradling his balls with the other. It was a technique she didn't exactly think through, but Clark certainly seemed to enjoy it.

"Whoa! Dianaâ€|that feels good. That feelsâ€|really good," he moaned, keeping a hand on her head as she sucked him.

'You hear that? He likes it. A man enjoys having his dick sucked. It doesn't have to be such a novelty. It's just another physical manifestation of love and lust.'

Diana kept sucking and licking her lover's dick with more vigor than she had ever dared. She had given Clark oral sex before, but never like this. All these pent up feelings that this island and this temple evoked inspired her to just vent it all. It was overwhelming, but liberating on many levels.

The act of pleasuring her lover like this helped feed some of the burning desire that this island had inspired. And Diana treated this act as a battle she had to win. So with the determination of a battle-hardened Amazon, she sucked harder, taking nearly his entire length into her mouth. The hot warmth of her tongue slithering along the underside of his shaft caused his moans to intensify. She could actually feel the veins in his penis bulging in anticipation of his climax. This meant he was close and she made sure she was ready for it.

"Diana, Iâ€|I'm close!" gasped Clark. "I'm reallyâ€|really close!"

His breathing became ragged and he had to lean back on his arms as the sensations intensified. However, Clark never took his eyes off her. He wanted to watch as this woman gave him a pleasure that could satisfy any Superman.

'You hear him? Don't you dare stop. Keep sucking. Bring him to orgasm and be sure to drink up every drop of his seed.'

Diana didn't get the logic of having to swallow his cum, but she didn't bother giving it any thought. She just stayed focused, sucking and licking his shaft a few more times until she sent him to the brink. When she heard Clark let out a sharp gasp of ecstasy, she stopped and used her hand to firmly stroke his shaft until he got the release he craved.

When it hit, Clark let out a deep grunt. He gripped the sides of the fountain so hard that the marble cracked under his strength. White hot bliss shot up through his body as he released a thick stream of his manly fluid. Diana lips remained firmly wrapped around the tip of

his shaft, ensuring she suckled up every drop. And as he climaxed, she steadied her strokes, applying just the right amount of pressure to prolong the pleasure. Once the feeling had passed, she gave his penis one last casual lick before looking back up at him with her passionate gaze.

It felt so good, every pleasurable sensation mixing with the emotions that were still raging. They had only satisfied a small part of that desire, but doing so had been more fulfilling than either of them could've imagined. It showed just how much they needed this.

'I think you two are starting to get the hang of this. The lines between love, lust, and desire need not be so absolute. You've been holding back for too long, trying to express your love in a way that you thought was right " not in the way that actually felt right.'

It should've been so obvious. Since they came together, there had been plenty of love between them. However, they never really expressed it fully. It was one thing to just say they loved each other. It was quite another to turn it into a physical act. Now, they had gotten a brief taste of just how amazing such acts could be and it left them wanting more.

'It's time to stop holding back. Stand up. Face each other again,' said the voice in a more authoritative tone.

Clark and Diana complied without saying a word. Diana rose up from her knees, taking Clark's hands in the process so he could rise up from the fountain. They let their hands and arms roam again, drawing each other into another light embrace. They no longer avoided certain kinds of touching. Clark trailed his hand over her butt while Diana let her thigh rub against his penis again. There was still plenty of desire in their eyes. Having settled into this state of heated passion, they were prepared to express more than they had ever dared before.

'Say you want to fuck each other,' said the voice.

"Diana" "I want to make love to you," said Clark, still breathing heavily after his recent climax.

"I want to make love to you too, Kal," replied Diana.

'No! That's not what I said. You're still holding back.'

The voice actually sounded angry, startling the two lovers somewhat. The powerful desire was still there, but old habits didn't die easily.

'Say it again. I want to fuck you,' the voice commanded.

"Diana" "I want to fuck you," said Clark in a more coherent tone.

"I want to fuck you, Clark," said Diana with more certainty.

'There now " was that so difficult? Not every act of love needs such colorful language. Sometimes, you have to use simple, if not crude words to convey your emotions.'

It made sense. It also revealed the extent to which they had suppressed their passions. Clark had always been reserved, even before he became Superman. And Diana grew up in a world where conveying such passions to a man was taboo. He had just been too polite and she had been too indirect. That had to change if they were going to satisfy these burning desires.

'Keep this in mind as you unleash the full force of your passions. There's a time to hold back and a time for restraint. This island and this moment are neither. This temple has all the necessary amenities and ambience. Embrace it!'

As the voice echoed in their minds with more authority, another gust of warm wind swept through the temple. This time it directed Clark and Diana towards the eastern wing where they saw another chandelier hanging from the ceiling. This one was smaller than the one hanging over the pool, but similar in that it lit up on its own, as if by magic. In doing so, it revealed another intimate amenity.

Directly below the chandelier sat an opulent, king-sized bed. It had features that made it fit for a palace, including perfectly ironed red sheets, large plush pillows, and a matching comforter with elegant embroiders. There was also a large fresco of erotic imagery on the wall behind it, depicting scenes of lovers in numerous states of passion. It helped reinforce a very romantic, yet very erotic setting. It couldn't have been a more fitting place for Clark and Diana to embrace these passions.

The two lovers exchanged glances, smiling with a mix of affectionate love and mischievous lust. There were so many powerful desires to fulfill and they had no intention of leaving this temple until they did.

"Shall we?" asked Clark, the polite farm boy in him still finding a way.

"Indeed we shall," said Diana in a seductive tone.

They couldn't get over to the bed fast enough. Diana latched onto Clark's arm and followed him while his hand remained on her butt. They were so immersed in their heated daze that they couldn't move with their usual super-speed. Their legs almost gave out, but they supported one another just enough to reach their destination.

As soon as they arrived, Diana pulled the sheets back and slipped on top of the soft linens, never releasing her lover from her grasp. Clark followed her onto the bed, crawling on top of her so that his imposing form hovered directly over hers. Gravity meshed their naked flesh together, causing her breasts to press against his bare chest. Now lying comfortably on her back, Diana caressed her lover's face with both hands while he eagerly traced up the curves of her body, communicating to her the depths of his desire.

Basic instincts took over. Clark crashed his lips against hers in a desperate outburst of this desire and Diana eagerly kissed back. There were no tender words or soft gestures. This was just a raw manifestation of their desire. It was messy and downright sloppy at times, the way their lips and tongues clashed. But they didn't care. This felt so right.

As they kissed, Diana shifted her legs to allow their naked flesh to grind in a heated mesh of passion. She could already feel his fully erect penis pressing against her inner thigh. She learned early in their relationship that, unlike most men, Clark's arousal didn't settle after one release. She didn't know if that was because of his Kryptonian physiology or his sheer physical endowment, but she really didn't care. Feeling his manhood pressed against her helped stimulate her own arousal, which had only escalated after her first orgasm.

Clark and Diana had only exercised a fraction of their arousal with their oral teasing. There was so much more to vent and now they were in a perfect position to do so.

'I want to scold you for breaking my no-kissing decree, but I'll give it a pass. You've shown you're capable of using it for more than traditional foreplay. However, that's not going to get you what you want. So from here on out, no more kissing "not until the moment and the passions are just right.'

The two lovers were hesitant to comply at first. It took a different kind of superhuman strength to tear their lips away from one another, but they did so knowing the voice was right on some levels. Clark and Diana had kissed plenty of times before. Even this brand of raw, heated kissing was hardly enough. They needed more in order to satisfy their desires.

'Good. Now let the fucking begin!' the voice decreed. 'Resist the urge to make love. Resist the urge to be overly affectionate. To capture all these wondrous feelings, you must start with the most basic.'

"Basic—I can do that," said Clark intently.

"You're Superman and I'm Wonder Woman. We can do better!" said Diana.

She challenged both Clark and the voice in her tone. It might have just been the intense arousal talking, but it got a valid point across. Despite their lustful daze, they hadn't forgotten that they were still beings of great power. There's no reason they couldn't use that power to help fulfill these desires.

Taking on the challenge, Clark rose up so that he was on his knees in a more upright position. He then grasped Diana's lower thighs just above her knees and pushed her legs apart into a spread-eagle position. With a clear path before him, he guided his hips towards hers so that the tip of his penis was lined up with the still-engorged entrance to her vagina. Clark didn't tease or tantalize her like he usually did when they made love. Instead, he just thrust his hips forward, driving his manhood into her depths and allowing their hot flesh to merge.

The two lovers let out deep grunts at the hot sensations that followed. The union of their flesh triggered an onslaught of sensations that finally began to feed the flames of their desire. Like before, it was a raw and basic kind of passion. As soon as Clark felt the tight warmth around his dick, he began moving his hips, pumping his rigid length within Diana's pussy. He didn't do it too hard at first, but Diana's moans soon encouraged him. She even placed

her hands on top of his, helping to push her push her legs apart even wider so that he could pump with greater vigor. It intensified the sensations and the growing heat of their lust.

"Yes! Ooh yes! That's it, Kal. Fuck me! Fuck meâ€|just like that!" exclaimed Diana.

"You meanâ€|like this?" grunted Clark, moving his hips even harder, so much so that the whole bed rocked.

"Yes! Just like that!"

Clark had never dared be this direct and crude with his passions. He had always been so concerned about hurting others, especially in intimate moments. But Diana wasn't just anyone. She was the daughter of Zeus. She was a battle-hardened warrior. She was capable of taking the full force of his passions. In addition, she really seemed to enjoy the extra force. It emboldened him to fuck this woman with an intensity he once never dared.

'Listen to her. You've got her moaning like an experienced whore. She loves it!' the voice said to Clark. 'Fuck her harder! Make her moan even louder! You know you want to and she can take it. Trust that she can.'

The Man of Steel abandoned his usual farm boy mannerisms and allowed his lust to dictate his actions. He kept rocking the bed with his fervent motions, grunting and moaning with each movement. Diana's body rocked with it, her breasts bouncing to the heated rhythm. It was as beautiful as it was erotic, a potent blend of lust and love. With it came more blissful sensations that filled the room with a chorus of heated moans.

At one point Clark leaned over her a bit more, grasping onto the sheets to hold himself up so he had more leverage to move his hips. He humped her with such force that a lesser woman would've been seriously injured, but Diana wasn't just any woman. She was his woman. She brought out in him so many powerful emotions. These were just the emotions he never dared express, but Diana's blissful moans revealed she could handle them. It also revealed she shared them.

As her naked body rocked under the force of each thrust, Diana bent her knees and curled her toes as the intensity of the sensations escalated. She also found herself grasping her bouncing breasts, rubbing them roughly and further adding to the sensations. This blissful onslaught sent to the brink of another orgasm in record time.

"Kal! Ooh Kal! Againâ€|going to cumâ€|again!" Diana gasped.

Clark steadied the pace of his humping, but only slightly. His burning lust urged him to keep going, but there was still enough love in this storm of emotions to accommodate his lover. It made for another beautiful sight as he watched Diana close her eyes and arch her lower back as another orgasm consumed her.

While it wasn't the first time Diana achieved multiple orgasms during an intimate moment with her lover, this was the first time it came so quickly. It wasn't as powerful as the first, but it was still plenty enjoyable. This time, it was more a product of lust than love. It

might not have been the most glorious act of intimacy, but it helped feed a special kind of desire that she and Clark rarely explored.

'Another orgasm? So soon?' said the voice. 'You two needed this more than I thought. All the more reason to not hold back!'

Even as Diana enjoyed her orgasm, Clark kept on pumping into her. He was now close again. Climaxing so soon after his first took a bit more effort. He adjusted his body again, allowing more of his weight to press down against Diana so he really dig his feet into the bed. This allowed him to steady his pace once again, pushing himself to the brink. As he closed in on his peak, Diana grasped the sides of his face and encouraged him to keep fucking her with her gaze.

"Almostâ€|almost there," Clark grunted. "Just aâ€|little bit longer."

"Do it, Kal. I want you to feel it too," said Diana intently.

'Listen to her. Fuck her until you cum,' said the voice. 'Don't pull out. Fill her with your seed. You want it. She wants it. That should be all there is to it.'

Once again, this simple yet crude guidance did the trick. Clark steadied his hips, focusing on quality over quantity in his thrusting. When he finally felt the burning pleasure surge through him, he squeezed the bed sheets in his hands and let out a deep grunt as he got his release. As the voice instructed, he didn't pull out. His member remained buried deep inside her vagina, throbbing within its heat as he released another load of his fluids into her depths. He didn't release quite as much as he had during his first orgasm, but that didn't make it any less blissful.

After Clark's orgasm passed, he withdrew from Diana's vagina and caught his breath. He continued hovering over his lover, admiring the beauty of his lover in a state of such pronounced desire. It felt like they had fed a larger portion of this desire, but the feeling still burned within them. There were more desires to be shared.

This was usually the point in their intimate moments where he would kiss her and they would temper their passions, but Clark and Diana still craved more. They continued to abide by the voice's command not to kiss until the time was right. The focus was still on pursuing basic desires and they still had plenty to spare.

'You two are off to a good start. You've shown you can utilize both lust and love in expressing your passions. But there are still plenty of passions to experience. Your continued arousal is proof enough of that.'

The two lovers couldn't help but laugh somewhat at this observation. It was undeniably valid. Despite two orgasms, Clark's erection did not fade and Diana's womanhood remained fully engorged. Their enhanced anatomy might have had something to do with it, but they sensed the feelings this island had evoked in them was a greater factor. They still wanted to express their passions and through whatever power that flowed through this island, their bodies were

fully prepared to oblige them.

'Say you want to fuck each other again,' commanded the voice.

"I want to fuck you again, Kal," said Diana, this time without a hint of reservation.

"I want to fuck you too," said Clark.

'This time, reverse your positions. Let the woman do the humping.'

"I'll be on top. Just lay back and enjoy it," Diana told her lover.

"Yes ma'am," said Clark, his farm boy mannerisms still finding a way.

Diana seized the initiative, grasping his hands with hers and turning him over so that now she was on top. She soon had Clark pinned in the center of the bed, their fingers entwined as she hovered over him in a nearly upright position.

She didn't go immediately for the sex at first, opting to build their arousal a little more by leaning over so he could kiss her breasts. He eagerly accepted her gesture, kissing and licking around her nipples, helping to build her own arousal. Once they got in the same lustful spirit again, Diana skillfully straddled his hips and reached behind to grasp his erect penis. She then adjusted her hips, lining herself up with it perfectly. As soon as she felt the tip graze along her outer folds, she plunged down onto it and let it fill her womanly depths once more.

"Mmmâ€|Kal. I can feel you inside me again," said Diana with a purr of contentment.

"I feel it too. It's so hotâ€|so good," moaned Clark.

'Don't let the desire get ahead of you. Ride his dick! Hump him hard!' urged the voice.

With the same intensity that Clark demonstrated earlier, Diana moved her hips in a fury of sensual motions. She placed both hands on his chest, using the leverage to bounce and gyrate her hips. The wet folds of her vaginal muscles slid up and down the length of his penis smoothly, ensuring a steady flow of hot sensations. Heavy breathing and blissful moans mixed with the sounds of their naked flesh colliding. It was a perfect melding of passion and lust, evoking a wide range of feelings and a wider range of pleasure.

The bed rocked and the halls of the temple echoed with their intimate moans. This time, Diana was definitely louder. Like Clark, she often held back during their intimate moments. It wasn't out of a lack of passion. She was just so inexperienced in being physically intimate with someone. When she and Clark first started making love, they never did it with this kind of vigor. They were still learning how to physically satisfy one another, but they never just let loose and went at it like this.

It was so liberating, being able to express her passion like this

with someone she loved. Being the daughter of a god with the strength of an Amazon once made such acts restrictive. If she had ridden any ordinary man like this, he would've been crushed. But Clark was no ordinary man and not just in terms of strength.

"Oh-oh-ooh Kal! By the gods it's soâ€¦so good! Ooh I love it!" exclaimed Diana.

She sounded so joyous in her passionate indulgence. She smiled, laughed, and moaned with an almost playful spirit. It was a side Clark had never seen in Diana during intimate moments like this. He found himself liking it and sharing in the spirit.

She looked so beautiful, even as she rode him in such a crude, basic manner. The dim lighting from the chandelier overhead surrounded Diana in a light that made her look every bit as divine as her heritage. This wondrous sight made the pleasure a secondary concern, further blurring the boundaries of passionate love and basic lust. Beyond the physical sensations, there was something deeper driving them in this intimate moment, giving even more power to this feeling that this island had stirred within them.

"Dianaâ€¦you're so beautiful," said Clark in a daze.

"Oh Kal Iâ€¦I'm going toâ€¦cum again! Going toâ€¦ohh!" panted Diana through her vigorous movements.

"Do it. I want you do it. I want to see you cum again."

She could feel his loving eyes on her. Watching her experience pleasure gave him a certain level of pleasure. It was so fitting, given Clark's innate desire to help others. It gave Diana all the more incentive to make this orgasm count.

'You heard him. He wants you to cum. He cares that much about your pleasure. Show him that you care too. Cum for your lover and for yourself!'

Shifting her body, the Amazon warrior leaned back so she could ride her lover's manhood more thoroughly. Diana then proceeded to bounce up and down his length more rapidly, causing her breasts to bounce as well. She found herself grabbing Clark's hands and placing them on her fleshy mounds. He instinctively squeezed them, adding to the growing wave of sensations. Diana followed these sensations, riding him harder and holding onto his arms in anticipation. As her peak drew near, she elevated her hips so that she was standing on the toes of her feet, allowing her to steady her hips for the coming ecstasy.

With a few more hip gyrations, Diana closed her eyes and threw her head back as another orgasm consumed her. She dug her nails into Clark's wrists, her body shuddering as waves of pleasure washed over her. It was such a beautiful sight, chaotic in some respects yet graceful in others. Clark saw before him a manifestation of love converging with lust, embodied in this wonderful woman who captured his heart. It was truly a sight to behold.

Diana could still feel his gaze on her as she immersed herself in this pleasure. She panted heavily, maintaining a firm grip on his wrists as the inner muscles of her vagina throbbed around his member

in accord with her release. It was by far the most intense orgasm she had experienced with this man to date. It required more than just love or lust. It was only when they converged that it became something truly special.

'Well done. You've gone beyond simple fucking. You've officially entered a much richer world of passion. It took you a bit longer than I had hoped, but I think you'll agree it's worth it.'

"Yesâ€|so worth it," said Diana, still breathless from her climax.

She and Clark exchanged smiles again. Their daze had evolved. There was no longer any line between lust and love. It all fueled the same passion, leading to a special kind of pleasure. They finally felt they had what they needed to satisfy their burning desires.

'You've taken an important step. But there's one more you'll need to take before you can carry on without my guidance.'

"What more could there be?" asked Clark, unable to contemplate how his and Diana's intimacy could get any deeper.

'An important â€" and often overlooked â€" aspect of great passion has to do with differences. No two lovers are the same. If they were, then it wouldn't be love. It would be nothing more than glorified masturbation.'

"I guess that's one way of looking at it," said Diana, still feeling playful.

'You've already revealed some of your differences. One of you takes pleasure in seeing the other experience pleasure. That's easy to miss for those who focus only the emotional rather than the physical. But one of you has also revealed something about the way you express your passion â€" something I think you both have overlooked.'

Diana and Clark's curiosity was heightened. They thought they knew each other and understood the love they shared so well. Being on this island revealed just how limited their knowledge had been. If they were to truly embrace the full range of their love, then they needed to expand their knowledge of what it meant to express their passions.

'In every loving spirit, the expression of their passions is often connected to a distinct aspect of their personality. For example, a defining aspect of an Amazon's personality involves their ability to turn struggle into triumph. It is common in many warriors. They take pleasure in overcoming great strain to achieve greater fulfillment.'

"I don't think a single Amazon would disagree with that. I certainly wouldn't," said Diana. "So how do we apply that here?"

'It's simple really. Let him fuck your ass.'

This caught the two lovers by surprise. It was another fairly crude approach to this intimate moment, but it was an approach that had worked pretty well thus far. The overwhelming feelings kept Diana and Clark from overthinking it, but there was still some

hesitation.

"Umâ€|how is that simple?" asked Clark.

'The expression of passion has many forms. It need not be confined to one physical act or one set of body parts either. This shouldn't require too great an explanation. The body is capable of many pleasures beyond its most basic components. But for one that relishes in overcoming physical and mental strain, this is a fitting form of expression â€" one you've clearly never attempted. Well now I want you to try and experience for yourself a new kind of pleasure!'

Clark and Diana would've been hesitant in any other circumstances. However, this voice had led them to plenty of ecstasy so far. They were inclined to trust it at this point.

Diana rose up off her lover, withdrawing his penis from her vagina. Still winded from her passionate exertion, she let her naked body fall atop his for a brief moment. She could see in his eyes that he still had plenty of passion to express and the way his still-erect penis pressed up against her thigh showed that he was more than capable. However, Clark would not go through with something like this if she was reluctant. That was just the kind of man he was.

Once again, their inexperience and restraint when it came to intimacy really showed. They kept things so basic in their sex life. This was the first time they dared to be more playful and reckless with their passions. It already revealed just how much more they had to share with one another. With the desire in them still strong, they were prepared to try methods for fulfilling it. So before Clark could show much concern, Diana made up her mind.

"Okay. Let's do it, Kal," she said seductively.

"Areâ€|are you sure?" asked Clark, his concern still showing through his desire.

'Maybe you need to be more direct. Come on, I shouldn't have to be the one to say it at this point.'

"Fuck my ass, Kal. I'm sure," said Diana, this time leaving no room for argument.

Clark only nodded, trusting in his lover's words. Before a second thought could enter his mind, Diana made the first move. She rose up again and adjusted her body so that she was now facing away, giving him a nice few of her perfectly shaped butt. He rose up as well, leaning back on his arms and watching Diana re-position herself over him. Now propped up with both feet firmly planted at his sides, she leaned back and lowered herself so that the tip of his penis pressed up against her anus.

This time, they didn't rush into it like they did with their previous acts. Having never done this before, they prepared themselves for an unfamiliar feeling. Diana reached back, grasping her butt and bracing herself for penetration. She then slowly lowered her hips, allowing the tip of his manhood to enter her tight hole. It was uncomfortable at first. He had to stop for a brief moment to absorb the feeling. Clark reached forward at one point and placed his hand on her lower

back, just in case she changed her mind. But she had no intention of turning back.

"Diana, are youâ€¦" Clark began.

"I'm okay," she assured him. "Justâ€¦give me a moment."

'Don't take too long. Just relax. Let it happen. Like any new experience, once the unfamiliarity fades, the real fun begins!'

Clark continued to trust Diana and Diana continued to her desires. Taking a deep breath, she relaxed her muscles and allowed her lover's length to fully enter her ass. More discomfort followed, but it quickly subsided. And once it subsided, new feelings began to emerge.

'See? It's not so bad. Go on. Start moving.'

Still breathing heavily, Diana began moving her hips, allowing Clark's length to slither within the extra-tight confines. She still went slowly, adjusting to the sharp sensations that followed. These sensations quickly evolved from discomfort to pleasure. It was a different kind of pleasure, but one that quickly consumed her.

After a few steady movements, Diana got a rhythm going. It wasn't as intense as before, but the additional tightness around Clark's member filled him with an extra level of pleasure. It was more intense than he expected, so much so that any lingering concerns he had quickly faded. After Diana rid him so hard earlier, his own desires intensified. In this potent mix of love and lust, he sought to unleash these passions and Diana was now ready to let him.

"Wowâ€¦that's so tight!" grunted Clark.

'I think you're getting the hang of it. Now get on all fours and have at it!'

The two lovers once again followed the voice, having long since abandoned any reservations. Clark leaned over and grabbed Diana by the hips, supporting her so that she could adjust herself accordingly. As he positioned himself so that he was propped up on his knees, she leaned over so that she was on her hands and knees. Once in position, Clark took it from there.

Following the same rhythm that Diana established, Clark moved his hips back and forth, pumping his rigid penis within her tight confines. The bed rocked hard along with their bodies, the wet smacking sound of his pelvis colliding with her butt reverberating over their blissful moans. This unfamiliar act unleashed plenty of blissful sensations, but these were sensations that went beyond the merely physical.

Diana moaned and grunted with each movement in ways Clark had never heard before. There was a potent mix of pleasure and grit in her tone, as though enduring the discomfort somehow added to the sensations. They were the grunts of both a warrior and of a lover. Something about that added to the feeling for her and being the man to give it to her helped add to Clark's own satisfaction.

"Yes! Oh yes! Oh gods of Olympus, yes!" Diana exclaimed. "Harder Kal! Do it harder!"

Clark obliged her by adjusting himself again so that he now had both feet planted on the bed, his hands still firmly gripping her hips so he could thrust with more leverage. He then proceeded to speed up the rhythm, pumping into her harder and faster. He did it with such intensity that the very foundations of the temple seemed to shake. But he didn't care and neither did Diana. All that mattered was following this feeling to its inevitable peak.

"Dianaâ€¦going toâ€¦cum again soon," grunted Clark.

"Me too, Kal! Ooh this is soâ€¦so good! Let'sâ€¦share it together this time!" exclaimed Diana.

This strong request inspired Clark to move his body with greater urgency. Despite having climaxed twice, Clark's body ached for another. Such intensity sent Diana to the brink of another orgasm as well, albeit one very different from before. At one point, she reached between her legs and fondled the still wet folds of her vagina while her lover kept thrusting into her. He even helped by reaching forward and grasping one of her swaying breasts, sharing in these new sensations that were sending them to the brink of another orgasm.

All these new sensations and all these passions that fueled them made for an overwhelming yet intense experience. There was no holding back, no reservation, and no boundaries in venting their passions. It made the act of expressing these passions even more special.

'Now you're getting it. All you have to do now is finish the job,' said the voice. 'Go on. Climax together. Fill her ass with your seed. Make her cum like she's never cum before!'

Clark thrust into her hard and fast, her rectal muscles tense each time he entered. He finally reached that special plateau, feeling an intense heat around his penis as white-hot pleasure coursed through his body. He didn't release much fluid into her, but the ecstasy was still intense. He had to cling to Diana's naked flesh just to keep himself from losing his balance. This was a special kind of ecstasy, one where so many different feelings converged. It had a profound impact even on his durable form and one finally tempered his desire.

As Clark's member throbbed inside her, Diana kept fondling her vagina to get herself to that same special plateau. It took her a little longer than expected, but she eventually achieved that same feeling. First, all the lower muscles in her body tensed, squeezing her lover's throbbing cock even harder. Then, another wave of warm pleasure shot up through her. It was much sharper and concentrated than previous peaks. It defied her understanding of her body, adding to the growing range of sensations that accompanied their passions.

Their daze settled and their thoughts became more focused. As they continued breathing heavily from so much exertion, Clark pulled out from her and laid down on his side. Diana did the same, turning around so that she could face him again. They weren't as overwhelmed.

Their passions had evolved to a point where they could better channel all these emotions, allowing them a better understanding of the feelings they shared and the pleasure it brought them.

"That wasâ€¦intense," said Diana, still catching her breath.

"Did you enjoy it?" asked Clark as he took her in his arms again.

"I didâ€¦more than I expected," she replied.

She sounded somewhat humored. Clark found himself smiling as well. It was kind of funny to think how much they had restricted their intimacy when they clearly had so much passion to share. As beings of such power, it was kind of inane that they needed such guidance to learn how to express their love so fully. Even Superman and Wonder Woman needed a lesson or two every now and then.

"We really did need this," he said in a more serious tone.

"That we did," said Diana in agreement.

"I love you so much, Diana. I love you in ways I never thought I could love someone. Being who I am and doing what I did, I guess I justâ€¦didn't know how to express these feelings fully."

"It's hard to know when you're Superman or the daughter of a god. I can do so much. I can battle gods and feel love for so many. But expressing it to someone I love so dearly â€¦ I guess that's a skill I never thought to learn."

"Well we have a better understanding now," said Clark with another smile.

"That we do," she said, smiling back, "And if this is how great it can feel, I'd like to do it more often â€¦" a lot more often."

"I'd like that too."

The two lovers kept smiling and embraced each other closer. There was still plenty of desire to fulfill, but at least now they knew how to satisfy it. Love, lust, and passion had officially become one complete feeling. Now, Clark and Diana were ready to express it to its fullest. Their faces drew closer once again for a long overdue kiss. This time, nothing interrupted them. Their lips touched and the experience felt truly complete.

'Well done. I'm actually impressed and I don't say that often. Your love, your lust, and your passions are truly something to behold. I hope you're now more inclined to celebrate it. Feelings like this should be celebrated. To hold back is nothing short of sacrilege of the heart.'

Clark and Diana made clear in the way they kissed that they had taken these lessons to heart. It took a little extra effort, but the results were more than worth it.

'I'm now confident that you no longer need my guidance. I'll be silent from here on out. However, the flames of your passions are still burning strong. So until the sun sets over this island, you may continue to utilize this temple. Use the bath. Use the bed. Use

anything at your disposal. Just remember that the power of love and lust need not be mutually exclusive. Both are necessary to embrace true passion.'

Shortly after the voice fell silent, Clark and Diana's lips parted and their passions took over. They didn't need any more instructions. They didn't need any further incentives either. They knew what they had to do and knowing that the sun would set in few hours, they intended to make good use of this time.

They remained on the bed for a while, just kissing and touching one another in all the intimate ways they had learned. When the passion stirred their arousal again, they got up off the bed and took a quick dip in the pool behind the fountain. Once in the pool, Clark and Diana just swam around playfully, exchanging numerous playful gestures. The water was perfect in that it was hot enough to help them relax, but warm enough to fuel their arousal. It didn't take long for that arousal to lead to more intimacy.

First, they made love in the center of the pool. Diana practically jumped him, throwing her legs around his waist while Clark caught her. He then bounced her up and down the length of his dick, the water splashing around them as they kissed and moaned in ecstasy. After following this act to another orgasm, they made love again in the shallow end of the pool near the fountain. This time, it was less like lovemaking and more like simple fucking. Clark bent Diana over the edge and entered her from behind, letting a little lust find its way into his movements. It got him to climax again fairly easily. Diana didn't climax with him, but he made sure she got hers by sitting her on the edge of the pool and using his lips and tongue to finish the job.

They remained in the pool for a good long while, alternating between playful affection and full-blown intimacy. There were even a few times when they got out and just pinned each other against the wall, leading to more sex and more intimate gestures. For the first time, Clark and Diana allowed themselves to let loose and be a little reckless. They laughed, kissed, and touched in ways that were downright chaotic at times. But this only added to the feeling and the passions that fueled it.

As the hour drew closer to sunset, Clark and Diana emerged from the pool and eventually made their way back to the bed. They could tell it was getting closer to sunset because the air throughout the temple got noticeably cooler, but they didn't let this hinder their passions. Slipping under the sheets of the bed, they kept each other warm with more intimate touching. This intimate touching turned to more lovemaking and more heated sex.

They utilized as many of the new skills they had learned as they could. They exercised their oral skills, at one point even doing it together in a 69 position. They got creative with positions, testing Diana's flexibility and Clark's adaptability. Yet they kept finding a way to share more ecstasy, rocking the bed and evoking a steady stream of orgasms that filled the temple with their blissful moans.

As more and more of their desire was satisfied, the pace of their passionate movements slowed. By the time it got close to sunset, it had slowed to a point where it was at the rate they usually made

love. They even ended up in the same position with Clark on top and with Diana's legs firmly wrapped around his waist. They had come full circle in a very literal and figurative manner. It was ironic yet fitting that this is how such a powerful experience would conclude.

"Kalâ€|one more," said Diana, her voice almost muted at this point. "Justâ€|one moreâ€|for both of us."

"Dianaâ€|I feel it too. Almostâ€|there. Just a bitâ€|longer," said Clark, through increasingly labored grunts.

Their naked bodies continued moving together, every sinew meshing in perfect harmony. There was no more uncertainty. There was no more reservation. The once overwhelming feelings had finally caught up to their desires. Being able to express them now made them feel so complete.

Once more, Clark slowed his movements in preparation for his peak. Diana firmly gripped his shoulders, her nails digging hard into his durable flesh. They looked at each other in a passionate gaze, a perfect blend of love and lust. They could both feel it. Even after so much exertion, they still craved it. This promised to finally finish the job. At last, the powerful desire that had driven them since arriving on this island would be fulfilled. They remained locked in this moment until the final peak arrived.

Diana felt it first, the inner muscles of her womanhood throbbing once more. Her toes curled and her legs tensed, the balls of her feet digging into her lover's lower back as one last orgasmic wave surged through her. As her expression and body contorted to the blissful sensations, Clark felt it as well. He dug his feet into the bed and delivered one last thrust, driving his manhood deep into his lover's depths in preparation for the final blissful release. Hot surges of pleasure followed, her womanly fluids mixing with his manly release in a final act of passion.

As the pleasure surged through them, Clark and Diana's bodies finally stopped moving. The heated moaning and grunting finally ceased, leaving only their labored breaths. They remained locked in their passionate gaze, watching their expressions contort in this moment of physical and emotional ecstasy. In their gaze, they confirmed that they had finally done it. They had finally satisfied their desires in every meaningful way.

"I love you, Diana," said Clark through his labored breath.

"I love you too, Kal," said Diana.

With a tender smile and warm gesture, Diana and Clark came together in one final kiss. This had been more than just an exercise in passion. Their hearts, bodies, and spirits felt so entwined. The emotions that brought them together and the passions that fueled their love had finally been exercised to the fullest. It had taken some guidance and more than a few obstacles along the way, but now Clark and Diana could truly be certain in their passions. In addition, they were now more than equipped to express them in all the right ways.

Now satisfied and utterly drained, Clark withdrew from his lover and

laid down next to her. Their naked bodies remained in a tender embrace under the sheets of the bed as he and Diana settled into a more peaceful state. They were so drained that they were ready to pass out. By now, the sun had set. There was nothing left to do but rest in each other's arms.

'Sleep well, my new favorite lovers. You've earned it. When you wake up, you'll wake up on the shores of another island far from this one. Your clothes will be on, you'll be able to fly once again, and this island will be gone. But as you rest, remember the experiences you shared here on the Island of Eros. You've so much love in your hearts. Never be afraid to express these feelings in all their grandeur.'

* * *

<p>Mount Olympus " Aphrodite's Room<p>

"Oohhh"that was grand indeed!"

The goddess of love, beauty, pleasure, and fertility let out another satisfied moan that echoed through the foundation of Mount Olympus. She had just witnessed an act of passion truly worthy of the gods. It had been a while since she exercised her more devious side, tricking and manipulating others from the mortal world into serving her godly desires. But this had been so worth it.

Lying back on her opulent bed, fully nude with her long-flowing red hair draped behind her back, the seductive goddess had been soaking in the pleasure that Diana and her lover evoked. It was a pleasure unlike any other. The love between Orpheus and Eurydice had been worthy of lore, but those two never had the strength and prowess as these two. It was one of her most enjoyable activities, guiding lovers into experiencing greater pleasure. Their ecstasy, in turn, became her ecstasy. Aphrodite had always been in tune to the passions and pleasures of strong lovers, but she took a special interest in Diana and not just because she had been revealed to be the daughter of Zeus.

During their battles against the First Born, she sensed in Diana a great deal of love for this man, but an innate reluctance to express it. For the woman who saved Olympus and every god on it, she didn't deserve to be denied such pleasure. Aphrodite couldn't call herself a competent goddess if she didn't take an interest in it. While it was admittedly self-serving, as many of her endeavors often were, she preferred to think she facilitated a mutually beneficial experience. Now Diana and that dashing lover of hers could enjoy all sorts of ecstasy and they had her to thank. And that was a satisfaction worthy of a goddess.

"Aphrodite? Hey Aphrodite! Whatever you're doing in there, knock it off!" came an annoyed voice from outside her room. "Your love of self-indulgence is messing with my love of discord."

"That's your problem, Strife. You want to cause trouble on Olympus? This is what you have to deal with," said Aphrodite, refusing to let her half-sister ruin this for her.

"I hate you " you and your private moments."

"They're private for a reason. Believe me, if you saw what I do and who I do it with, you'd hate me even more."

Strife didn't respond. Ever since the battle against the First Born, she had been wandering aimlessly around Olympus and the Underworld, looking for new opportunities to sow discord. Because of these limited opportunities, she was not powerful enough to see what Aphrodite did in her private quarters. Few gods were. It was a good thing too because this was an experience she wanted to keep to herself. No other god or mortal needed to know about it. This was a feeling that only passionate lovers and the goddess who empowered them deserved to cherish.

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